

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 428.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

DOUBLE GLO'STER.

Who is it that stands godfather to the streets of London? Who is it that, in so many cases, in answer to the solemn question, 'Name this street?' pronounces 'Glo'ster, Glo'ster!' I suppose it is some assemblage, whose heads being laid together, are said to constitute a Board. A Board of Works, is it? Good. Then all I have to say with respect to that august body is this: that it is not a Board of Works of the Imagination. Its want of a salient originality in nomenclature is most remarkable. Albert, Victoria, Glo'ster, Stanley, but above all GLO'STER, form its round of ideas. Not less signal is its perfect indifference to the suitableness of the second word or noun—Street and Place are with it convertible terms. A short cross-street gets the name of Road equally with a great outlet from town. Most of its Terraces are double-rowed streets running uphill. After all, I am not sure if I should not retract the charge of want of imagination; for in some of these misapplications there is a comic character which, if designed, would argue considerable powers in that special line.

The great mystery, however, is as to the prevalence of Glo'ster. We have Glo'ster Everything and everywhere. Why must there be in every province of London a full suit of Glo'sters—Street, Place, Crescent, Terrace, Road—when a variation of Cheshire or even Stilton, would be so refreshing? Now, who is this Imbecile who is thus permitted to confer street immortality? Is his own name Glo'ster? Is he a native of Gloucester or Glo'ster, eager to honour the place of his birth? Or does the repetition of the word spring from some special devotion of his for a defunct member of the royal family? If the first, may her Gracious Majesty the Queen be pleased to listen to the prayer of a thousand householders, and grant him permission to assume, by letters-patent, the names and arms (all the public-houses are called *Glo'ster Arms*) of Montmorency, or anything else; if the second, let Gloucester do her duty, and fetch her devoted son away from London, creating him town-councillor, mayor, beadle, or what she will; he has made himself ridiculous enough, I am sure, to have merited the very highest civic honours that any town can bestow: if the third, let him temper his loyalty with discretion, for he loves not wisely but too well: the Duke of Gloucester, while he lived, was a most innocent prince; why, being dead, should he be made thus offensive?

The writer of this brief but fervid paper is one of his many victims. I live in one of his double Glo'sters, and suffer accordingly. Tired and exhausted, I leave the House of Lords, or Commons, after a prolonged debate; or the City, after a financial meeting of partners; or the law-courts, after a wearisome lunacy case; or Messrs Gimp and Sarcenet's, after eleven hours' work as 'manager'—for what matters *my* social status, since there is no position in life unrepresented in one or other of the Glo'sters—and crawling into a cab, I mutter my direction, and fall asleep. I am awakened by the stoppage of the Hansom in a totally unknown region: the Princess of China could scarcely have been more shocked and astonished upon finding herself in the apartment of Prince Camaralzaman.

'Now then, sir; what's your number?' asks the impatient charioteer.

I lift the little trap-door, and enter into controversy. 'My good man, what is this place? I want to go to' (very distinctly) 'Gloucester Crescent.'

'Well, and ain't this here *one on 'em*?'

It is the story of the chameleon over again; I am right, but so also is the cabman. Nothing, therefore, remains but to try another 'on 'em.' By keeping my eyes about me, and my finger on the trap-door, I may now possibly arrive, as it were by telegraph, at my right destination; but should I once relapse into fancied security, I get into another region of double Glo'sters, and all the work has to be done over again. The Imbecile therefore (to whom I do not wish to apply any severer epithet) *defrauds* me of a part of twenty pounds a year of unnecessary cab-hire. He does not actually get the money, it is true, but it is so much tribute paid to his inordinate egotism.

I have not a very high opinion of his sagacity, and even think it quite probable that he may be returned to Hanwell every afternoon as soon as the business of the Board is finished; but I do not believe he is so idiotic as to live in Glo'ster anything himself. One's own messages, and visitors, and parcels, and trades-people are generally numerous enough in London, but they only form one-half of the bell-pullers of a double Glo'ster establishment. 'Oh, I thought you was *N.W.*,' is considered to be an ample excuse for bringing our Alphonso from his pantry to the front-door to take in a penny newspaper with politics which are abhorrent to my feelings, but which delight some rabid democrat who resides under the shadow of the Coliseum. 'We're *W.*, *stoopid*,' returns our

Buttons gloomily, for these continual mistakes have affected even his once exuberant spirits.

'Is this here Glo'ster *Terrius*?' inquires another misguided wanderer in a minute or two.

Our page does not deign to answer in words; but making a circular movement with his arm to represent a Crescent, and pointing to the corner of the opposite house, on which *Gloucester Crescent* is displayed in enormous characters, he sardonically dismisses the inquirer.

Butter, intended for I know not whom, grows rancid in this establishment, while waiting for the legitimate owners to send for it; game becomes uncommonly high; the moth even gets into new but unclaimed clothes, which have been left at the door without remark by whistling tailor-boys. There is a certain cupboard into which all this double Glo'ster property is thrust, and waits till called for. A less rigidly scrupulous man than I might clothe and feed himself and family quite gratuitously out of this heterogeneous stock. Alas for our fallen nature, this is the true reason, perhaps, why the Imbecile has been so long permitted to call all things Glo'ster without remonstrance. One-fourth of the human race (or nearly so) are concerned in the matter, and a large proportion of these are probably rogues. And yet the dishonest must themselves suffer something in their turn. It is very nice to get other people's turbot and lobster-sauce; but when other people get *ours*, and we happen to have friends to dine that day, the mistake is robbed of half its charm. To have one's little bills sent in to one's neighbour instead of one's self, is a very soothing circumstance; but when the cheque for our quarter's salary goes astray, it depresses one's spirits.

I have borne these things long and patiently, in common with a quarter of a million (or so) of my fellow-creatures, but there is a limit to all endurance. The trodden worm, if you tread upon him with hobnails, will turn; and hobnails have been employed with a vengeance in the case of the present writer. Not content with their double and treble Glo'sters, the Board of Works has christened, or permitted to be christened, a street in our immediate neighbourhood by the name of *Gloucester Crescent North*. The original Imbecile must have been egged on to this piece of egregious folly by some new hand; his unassisted intellect could scarcely have devised so ingenious a method of confusion. Some practical joker, I repeat, must have got admitted to the Board of late years, and perpetrated this *Gloucester Crescent North*; for, *imprimis*, it is not a crescent at all, but a straight street; and, secondly, it does not happen to be north of us, but west. One-half of this anomalous erection does, I believe, refuse to be designated by so inappropriate a name, and calls itself a Square; but with that piece of harmless eccentricity I have nothing to do, since it does not call itself Glo'ster. It is with the other half that my unappeasable quarrel lies. Its inhabitants absorb every description of alien property, from fireguards to American goloshes. Nothing comes amiss to their felonious appetites, from Turkeys sent to us from the country, to Bonbons for our Christmas trees. On the other hand, we are most unfortunate in the things we get in exchange. For a whole fortnight, I partook regularly of a medicine, the only effect of which was to turn my complexion to a light blue, whereas the tonic which was applicable to my little derangement was imposed upon some one suffering some horrible complaint in *Gloucester Crescent North*; the numbers of our respective houses

being identical, and the chemist having confounded the Crescents.

Again, in consequence of the great System of True Merit Rewarded being as yet unestablished in this sublimary sphere, I do not happen to keep a carriage, but hire a Brougham upon those occasions when society demands that my wife should perform the great social paper-hunt—that is, drive about leaving cards. Now, with each new Brougham there is a new driver; and each new driver, by some demoniacal instinct, drives to the house which corresponds to ours in *Gloucester Crescent North*. Opposite that door he sits for hours, nodding and blinking as only coachmen can; and up in her drawing-room, in most magnificent apparel, sits my wife, waiting in vain for him to come. The individual who suffers for this sort of thing in the end is, as every Paterfamilias knows, the husband, who receives no inconsiderable portion of those remonstrances—let us call them—which are properly the due of the Board of Works and its Imbecile. On the other hand, persons of both sexes, and all heights of fashion, are constantly being shewn up to our first floor, where, after being received with silent courtesy, they sit expectant for twenty minutes or so, and then inquire whether Mrs X. (a totally unknown lady) will soon be down or no?

I will conclude with a fearful example of this class of incident, wherein the mistake was gigantic in its proportions, and the circumstances weird and unnatural in the highest degree.

It was about half-past six on a very stormy day in January last; my wife and I were alone in the drawing-room, waiting for our *tête-à-tête* dinner to be announced. I had my slippers on, and all things portended a domestic evening. I hugged myself, as the hail dashed against the windows, that there was no occasion for patent-leather boots and company-manners for that night, at all events.

But there came a double knock at the door.

'Goodness gracious!' cried my wife, rising and mechanically arranging her hair in the pier-glass, 'who on earth can that be?'

'*Gloucester Crescent North* people, of course,' said I yawning: 'that makes the seventh mistake since I came back from the city.'

'Hush!' replied she; 'they are actually coming upstairs.'

At the same moment that the cab drove rapidly away (it *was* a cab, for I heard its windows rattle), the door was opened, and a male and female entered in the fullest evening costume. They were good-humoured elderly people, very pleasant to look upon, but it was the first time that we had ever set eyes on them.

'We thought that we never *should* have found you out,' exclaimed the lady beamingly; 'why, we're half an hour late for dinner, are we not? But we quite forgot the number, and you being new-comers, why, your address was not in the Red Book.'

They shook hands so heartily with us both, that we could not but return their salutation with some warmth; and as for any explanation, the old lady never gave us a chance of putting in a syllable edgewise.

'I suppose, my love, you scarcely recollect me at all,' pursued she, chucking my wife under the chin: 'you were such a little thing when I saw you last—not that high: and as for your husband—such a beard as he's got too!—why, the very last time I met him, I dandled him on my lap, and gave him a Noah's Ark. He's got just the same eyes, however, as he used to have, the very image of his poor mother's; but his hair has grown darker, and has lost a little bit of its curl. Law, Harry [my wife's name *was* Harriet], you should have seen him in his little black velvet frock and red ribbons, with his fat little arms and legs quite—'

At this point in the reminiscence, I fell into such

a paroxysm of laughter that I did not catch the remainder of it. The old gentleman, who stood with his back to the fire, as if the house was his own, rattling the silver in his breeches' pocket, laughed very heartily also, although it must have been at something different.

'I see,' continued the old lady, 'that he is just as lazy, however, as he used to be—naughty boy to wear slippers; why do you let him do it, Harriet? Not that we care, you know, for, indeed, you said that you would be quite in the family way, but being London, why, we thought it better to dress. What a nice little drawing-room you've got!'

'I am glad you like it, my dear madam,' said I bowing.

'Madam!' echoed she; 'well, I never heard of such a thing. Why, you used to call me Sukey—your own dear Auntie Sukey—although, of course, I was not your auntie at all.'

'No,' assented I—'of course not.'

'Harriet will not mind your calling me Aunt Susan now, I daresay; will you, my dear?'

'Certainly not,' replied my wife (who has a sense of humour quite uncommon in a female), and down whose cheeks the tears were rolling in hysterical merriment.

'Now, I daresay we country people amuse you immensely,' pursued the old lady laughing; 'we seem so droll, don't we?' [I nodded, for if I had attempted to have spoken, I should have perished of asphyxia.] 'And yet, do you know, you seem to us almost as funny. I expected you to have kissed me. William expected Harriet would have kissed him. We were talking about it as we came along in the cab. Were we not, William?'

The old gentleman smiled more benignantly than ever, and rattled his money with increased enthusiasm.

'Shall dinner be served, ma'am?' inquired Alphonso, putting his face in at the door with a grin on it.

There was a moment of painful indecision, which was luckily put an end to by the old lady herself. 'Oh, I do hope you are expecting nobody else,' said she; 'it is so much better to have you all alone like this.'

'There's nobody else coming,' returned I. 'Alphonso, you knew that there were not more than four to-night. Let us have dinner at once.'

'And mind you put the cold roast-beef on the side-board,' added my wife in a whisper.

It would have been a most unchristian thing to have turned these good people out of doors dinnerless, and without a chance of discovering the young couple to whom they were evidently so tenderly attached; so I took the cheery old lady's arm, and led her down stairs, while my wife brought up the rear with the silent old gentleman. The fish consisted of a single sole, at the sight of which I trembled with dismay, but it only drew from our female guest an exclamation of delight.

'It is such a pleasure,' exclaimed she, 'to see that you have made no strangers of us.'

There was fortunately a quantity of pea-soup, to which my wife and I exclusively confined ourselves, affirming it to be our favourite food, and there afterwards appeared a fowl, whose appearance reminded me of an ancient song, which seemed as if it had been prophetically written with a view to our present circumstances—

Fowl's small, as everybody knows—

'Twas never meant for more than two;

A brace of hungry folks pop in;

Why, *Who'd ha' thought of seeing you?*

But here the cold roast beef proved more than a *pièce de résistance*; it brought us off with flying colours. As for the sweets, we had a cook that we could trust for extemporising those. 'If this was a feast, I had

been at many,' as the Scotch proverb goes, but it really was not so skrimpy an affair as it looks in print. I heard my wife give a thankful rejoinder to my grace after meat, in the shape of a sigh that seemed to say: 'Thank Heaven, there was enough then;' but upon the whole all was well.

I was presently left alone with my unknown and speechless guest. The door had hardly closed before he drew his chair near to mine, and observed in a solemn tone, 'And now, George, how is our poor Elizabeth?'

It was evident that he had been reticent throughout the evening with the thought of this unfortunate lady overwhelming his mind; there was a tenderness, which before I should scarcely have given him credit for possessing, in his manner, that gave unmistakable proof of the hold this subject had upon his heart. I had almost risen up and said: 'I am a humbug; I am imposing upon your simplicity. Let me send out and fetch a cab;' but my courage failed me.

I said: 'Thank you; she is as well as can possibly be expected;' which I thought would meet every emergency in which a female could be placed; and I added, very solemnly: 'But let us talk of her to-morrow—not to-night.'

The old gentleman, whose eyes had fairly filled with tears, nodded his head several times, to express his content with this arrangement; and having helped myself, and passed the claret, I drank to his very good health, and he drank to mine, after which he relapsed into silence, and we had a very pleasant evening.

Upstairs, all went on quite as satisfactorily, for the old lady did all the talking, and if she did ask a question, answered it herself in the same breath. As she left the drawing-room for the cab which Alphonso had been sent for, her last words were these:

'You cannot think, George, how happy we are to have renewed our old friendship with yourself and your wife. We shall be here at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning without fail, for your uncle will be with us, so that we shall have no difficulty in finding you. Come, you may kiss an old woman like me for the sake of and lang syne. William, you kiss Harriet.'

In a couple of minutes the cab had rolled away with its nameless occupants, and we two were once more left alone together, mystified, wonder-stricken, kissed.

'Do you think that we have done right?' inquired my wife with some little anxiety. 'You have no idea what a confiding old lady that was. If we should have any children, she says she must certainly stand godmother to the first that comes. Only fancy if the twins upstairs had set up such a noise as they did last night!'

Again the absurdity of the whole transaction flashed upon me, in one broad sheet of vivid humour, and I laughed till I could laugh no longer.

'But do you think that we have been doing right?' repeated my wife.

'Perfectly right, my dear: we have been acting a most Christian and hospitable part. To-morrow morning, the uncle will introduce them to the right people, and they will have a good laugh, and think us very pleasant folks. No inconvenience to either party can possibly—What's this?'

An open envelope was lying upon the mantel-piece before me, on which was hastily written in pencil, 'For Elizabeth; and within it was a twenty-pound note.

That note is still in my possession, awaiting and likely to await its legitimate owner. All endeavours to ascertain who the nice old couple were have failed most signally. We only know that they had friends, whom they did know by sight, in one of the double Gloucesters. My suspicions rest upon Gloucester Crescent North, but only upon the general grounds

that it gets us more into trouble, upon the whole, than all our other namesakes united.

At all events, the Imbecile who ornaments the Board of Works has robbed 'poor Elizabeth' of twenty pounds.

TRADE.

If a long pedigree be a thing worth having, Trade has certainly got it. Commerce takes precedence of most professions, and of nearly all arts. It is as old as property, and almost the contemporary of man. The world, however, has some deep-rooted prejudices, and one of these has always led it to depreciate the position, while owning the utility, of Trade. Not only have the butterflies, as in the fable, looked with a polite sneer upon the honey-bees as they fluttered by, but other insects of a less harmless and beautiful order have done the same; spiteful hornets, pugnacious wasps, noisy, querulous grasshoppers, purblind beetles, and blustering humble-bees, have always arrogated to themselves a superiority over the thrifty hive. It is a plain fact that Commerce has almost invariably been hustled into the rear-ranks of the Procession of Life, and has for the most part meekly acquiesced in that arrangement. It was not unnatural, perhaps, that the priest and the warrior should go first in the marshalled pageant, and claim, as a matter of right, the best places at feast and council. But, oddly enough, a confused idea sprang up in men's minds that whereas other callings were noble and disinterested, traffic alone was soiled by a love of lucre and a greed for profits. It is scarcely needful to say that such an idea is false and foolish; nevertheless, it has been as tenacious of life as the rank weed that baffles the husbandman. It pervades the spirit of myriads of poems, of essays, and of sermons. When a disciple of Zoilus sees no other fair mark for his arrows, he pelts poor Commerce with epigrams, riddles her with stinging verses, and possibly even puts on a black gown, to call her bad names from the pulpit. Commerce winces, but bears it all. She is deafened with unpleasant allusions to golden calves, and droops her patient head beneath the tempest of hard words. Gain—profit—lucre! out upon them all! cries the poet; and the preacher lends his deep-toned thunder to swell the chorus; and the world roars in unison.

This is bad and unreasonable enough now, but not so bad or so devoid of reason as of old. In the eighteenth century, in especial, moralists, philosophers, divines, and poetasters fell foul of Trade with more than common virulence. The very gentleman who penned, in hopes of money, dedications to his noble patron so outrageously fulsome that we blush to read them, could be bitter when Lucre was the subject; the chaplain who had for years been my lord's butt, trencherman, and amanuensis, who had fetched and carried like a spaniel at my lady's bidding, and had fawned, and borne affronts smilingly, for the sake of a future benefice, had an anathema for gain; and the man of letters, who blackened the ministry with pamphlet and lampoon, until they gagged his carping tongue with a pension, after the fashion of those profligate days, had hard words at his command, when Profit, and those who seek it, came under discussion. The air and broad daylight of this our nineteenth century are mortal to stupid prejudices of this kind; they die out, though slowly, and with hard struggles. Still, they die. Every year sees the extinction of some tough old moral reptile of the breed, sees public opinion grow more enlightened, and, what is the same thing, more generous. We are learning now to value men for what they are, for the good or evil that they work in the world, not for the caste to which they belong or the grade they occupy. And as for the erroneous notion, that traffickers are a peculiarly self-seeking class, nothing

can rebut that so clearly as the recognition of the fact that we are all traders, more or less.

From a broad point of view, every human being who barter, lends, or hires out, every man, woman, and child who exchanges commodities or labour of any sort, headwork or handwork, for a money-return, is a trader. From the royal purple to the sweep's costume of soot and sackcloth, the same truth holds good. An emperor has his civil list and demesnes in payment for his work as first magistrate. Roger the ploughman has his civil list of so many shillings a week, and his demesne in the shape of a half-acre allotment of potato-ground, for work even more indispensable than that of the monarch. Sir John, through the medium of his tenants, manufactures and deals in corn, short-horns, and Leicester mutton, as undoubtedly as Mr Pounceon, the West India merchant, through his retailers, supplies the public with loaf-sugar. We all trade, but we do it in such various ways, that in many cases the process is unconscious, and, as it were, involuntary. The existence of regular professions, with their own hierarchy, rules, and *esprit de corps*, helps to blind multitudes of educated persons to the real state of the case. Yet society is a state of mutual dependence; we all, like a row of thin-walled houses, lean on each other, and draw strength from the support of numbers. One has got what another lacks; one can do what another cannot achieve, and for the barter of labour or goods, some authorised agreement is necessary. So it is that we embrace callings the most diverse, and drive the best bargain we can with Society for the use of our muscles, our brains, or our possessions. We all seek profit; not exclusively, of course, for we covet fame, and esteem, and the praise and good-will of our fellows as well, but we all try to live by some pursuit or management of resources, and in so far we are traders. What is commonly styled Commerce is another affair. Trade is indeed the term used to imply that tangible form of barter which has direct reference to the buying and selling of commodities; that which not only is traffic, but strikes even the most casual observer as being traffic. It is the downright exchange of goods for goods, or for the circulating medium that represents them. This is very ancient; the oldest Greek myths, such as that of the Golden Fleece, have reference to trade, to the perils that beset the merchant's path—to the rocks, and whirlpools, and pirates, the wild beasts and wild men, that made his wayfaring as dangerous as the career of a soldier.

In Asia, and, no doubt, in Africa, the mercantile profession is much more ancient than in Europe. Europe, to the founders of the earlier and classic civilisation, was very much what America may have been in the days when the *Mayflower* anchored in a grim New England haven. It was a tangled swampy forest, full of snows and savages, of wild animals, mist, rain, and unexplored mountain sierras. But over the boundless plains of the two elder continents there were caravans toiling painfully, with countless strings of loaded camels, with horse and mule, and wain drawn by lowing bullocks, at a time when the hardest adventurer would not have trusted his life and pack among the barbarians of Gaul or Germany. When Abraham crossed the Egyptian frontier, he found a regularly organised system of customs; Pharaoh's officers waiting to levy dues in Pharaoh's name, a fact that speaks volumes for the development of Oriental commerce. But Eastern merchants, having attained a certain degree of perfection, abruptly ceased to improve. Trade, therefore, became fossilised throughout the Mohammedan world. Mustapha bought and sold in precisely the same manner as Solyman his grandfather, and all innovations were scouted. In consequence, we find the commercial men of the East an odd compound of adventure, timorousness, craft, and credulity. They adhere to the caravan system, partly

because even sheep find confidence from the presence of their fellows, and partly for the convenient protection which some sheik or khan affords for a large fee. Under the guard of this robber-chief and his men, whose spears and name are a fence against other marauders, the great and motley company jogs along at the sober caravan-pace of three miles per hour. The hot wind of the desert, the deadly malaria of the swamps, and the greedy thieves of the wilderness, thin the assembly as it goes; the sick are left to die, the stragglers are cut off by hovering plunderers, those who lag behind, or whose beasts give out too soon, are abandoned without scruple, and many a purse is snatched, many a bale rifled, and many a stab given, by scampish members of the community. The progress of a caravan can, in fact, only be compared to that of an army of glistening herrings, preyed upon by sea-dog and cormorant, by man, bird, and fish, yet pushing on, and careless of the fate of those that perish. At last the main shoal of traffickers arrives at the distant goal, and prayers are said, and baths taken, and the bazaar is opened. The gains of these Easterns are very great. The merchant does not employ a traveller, but goes himself as supercargo, and his expenses for camel-hire and fodder, and food for himself and slaves, and hire of robber Arabs, and bribes to covetous townsmen, are pretty sure to be repaid with glorious interest. Of the state of the market, he has no fear; no need of a newspaper telegram to inform him if shirtings are dull, long-cloth lively, or buttons brisk. He sells, and his customers buy, the same articles that their respective ancestors sold and bought in times long past. Perhaps he now and then introduces a few novelties—Sheffield pen-knives, Dartford gunpowder, or Paris watches—but the staples are as antiquated as Haroun Alraschid. The true risk of the oriental trader is, not his capital, but his skin. He is a timid, gold-fleece animal at best, and wolves are plenty and law weak on the paths he must traverse. Strong love of profit, coupled with some admixture of religious sentiment—since most Asiatic fairs are held in holy places—lures him on, and he does his best for a jingling money-bag and a green turban. He keeps no regular books; he ignores the distinction between retail and wholesale; and he deals for ready cash. It is a noticeable feature in the African character, that not only the Moors and Berbers, but genuine negro nations, deep in the unknown interior, send huge 'koffies' from mart to mart, as they doubtless did in days when Britain was wholly dependent for foreign supplies upon the Flemings and Hanse merchants.

In China and in India, at very early dates, commerce took strides which left the Western Asiatics far behind. Chinese and Hindu merchants had their correspondents, clerks, bankers, commercial travellers, cheques, invoices, and bills of exchange, and, in short, all the mechanism of civilised traffic, before the hucksters of London or Bordeaux could write their names. The ancient Greeks loved trade well; their colonies kept commerce in view; their galleys ploughed the Ægean, exploring every creek and bay where a penny could be turned. By Persian commerce, by Syrian commerce, the Hellenes thrived greatly, in spite of the powerful competition of Sidon and Tyre. The Grecian underwriters, the Grecian brokers and ship-owners, were men of stirring habits and active minds. Their notions of mercantile morality were not high; they out-manceuvred one another as unscrupulously as Yankee contractors could do, but their speculations were bold and prompt. As for Tyre, that elder sister of Venice, she had great commercial merits, and at one time bade fair to monopolise the carrying trade of the Levant. But her position was one much exposed to danger, the kings of the mainland were by turns her allies and her foes; she had jealous rivals, and when Alexander besieged and destroyed her, the true cause for wonder was the post-dating of the catas-

trophe. Rome has often been compared to France, to the bellicose restless France of Louis the Magnificent and Napoleon the Grand, while Britain has been likened to Rome's enemy, Carthage. But, in truth, Holland would have furnished an apter simile. The Dutch republic of two centuries back was Carthage to the back-bone, with the same strong fleets, the same bold traders, the same colonists, the same mercenary troops, the same weakness when attacked at home. In Rome, the merchant was held but as a poor creature, a skulker from the serious business of life, which was fighting, building, and governing. In Carthage, wholly reliant on the sea and trade, the merchant held the place of honour; the chief families of the wily and warlike, though industrious state, were traders. But Carthage succumbed, and Rome never got over her scorn of commerce. To be sure, even in her palmiest days, the patricians lent money at usurious interest, and senators and knights were not above taking a share in any promising venture. But although vast fortunes were amassed, and easily amassed, by those who traded between Italy and the vassal provinces, the commercial character was never in high esteem at Rome.

The middle ages saw commerce in an anomalous position. There was nothing, except agriculture and manufactures, which the proud clumsy barons and gallant blundering knights so thoroughly despised as trade: it was base in their eyes, it was sordid, it was 'mechanical.' And where they could not absolutely snatch the goods by force, they consoled themselves by scorning and insulting the seller. The native trader, or the poor Jew or Lombard domiciled in the rude West, did not sleep upon rose-leaves. He got many a cuff and curse along with the bezants and groats that he wrung from the vanity or need of an ignorant people and a turbulent aristocracy: he had to hide his wealth, to procure a patron; and perhaps, after all his care, to see his booth rifled by a riotous mob. But there were, fortunately for mankind, other representatives of trade than these. Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, queens of the Mediterranean, and with all the trade of the East in their hands, had both wealth and enlightenment. They were republics whose noblest citizens were also their chief traders. They made treaties on equal terms with kings: their travelling companies confronted the robber-barons with calm courage, shewed the pope's bull and the royal rescript, and agreed to pay toll, but not ransom. The 'Easterlings' of the Hanse towns, the Flemings of Bruges and Ghent, did for North Europe what the free Italians did for the South. Presently monarchs began to consider it an honour to possess great traders among their subjects. We find sage Elizabeth offering knighthood to any merchant who had crossed the seas, at his own charges and in his own ship, a specified number of times. But authority was not always so genial. Trade, the good fairy, was dreadfully shackled and harassed by stupid edicts. Laws were constantly made, so stringent and so absurd, that it is a wonder that commerce kept alive. Corn might neither go nor come; gold and silver were not to 'go forth ye realm'; wool was to stay within the four seas; foreign manufactures and raw materials were to be kept at bay; moreover, no one was to presume to make too good a bargain, nor to get rich too rapidly; yet, somehow, commerce slipped through all these legislative handcuffs, and fortunes were made in spite of statutes.

But although some great English merchants, such as Whittington and Osborne, contrived to amass vast wealth by means which the vulgar imagination mixed up with fables and wonders, it was acknowledged that foreign traders bore the bell. The Lombard colony in London flourished like so many honey-compelling bees in a fair garden of neglected flowers. The Hanseatic League, the Flanders traffickers, the thrifty Dutch, sucked much profit out of the island

people. But the gradual spread of knowledge, wonderfully helped by the growing naval prowess of the country that had to match the Spaniard, ship to ship, man to man, in every sea, sapped the foundation of native ignorance on which had been established so much of foreign gain. Britains learned more and more of geography and of the wants and resources of the world; they were no longer content to give their wool and silver crowns for continental goods, but began to cull and select for themselves. The establishment of the East India Company did much, although involuntarily, for general trade. It was impossible to keep private adventurers from infringing its monopoly. English vessels would sail to the land of the Mogul, in spite of the jealous wrath of the chartered association; they persisted in seeking spice and ivory, dyewoods, and sugar, and gold-dust, at the risk of being destroyed by the Dutch and Spaniards, both of which nations were merciless towards those who trespassed on their domains. About the reign of Charles I. the shipowners appeared as a distinct branch of traders, for up to that time every merchant had owned the vessels which carried his goods; and nearly at the same date arose the brokers, a class of useful go-betweens, whose offices were not needed during the embryo state of commerce. Sir Josiah Child, chairman of the East India Company at the time of the Revolution, was a merchant such as England had seldom seen. He had not, it would appear, the clear insight into the true principles of free trade, of demand and supply, which his contemporary North possessed, but in practice he was unrivalled. His hands, I fear, were not clean, nor his conscience sensitive; but it was not an age of scrupulous honour, either in the cabinet or the counting-house, and Child's abilities were beyond dispute. Yet modern students, in our own incomparably richer age, smile at the awe-struck amazement with which men recorded that Sir Josiah, on his daughter's marriage with the eldest son of the Duke of Bedford, had endowed the young couple with the stupendous sum of fifty thousand pounds! No such dowry had, however, been previously bestowed in Britain on the daughter of peer or citizen.

Very soon after this wealthy marriage, the Jews, long banished, were suffered to return. They brought with them extensive commercial traditions, considerable capital, and a great deal of useful information respecting the resources of the continent. This last oozed out very gradually, for the immigrants of the first generation spoke little English; still, when the truth was wanted about the solvency of some foreign concern, a Jew was found to be a living gazetteer worth consulting. The Cressus of 1700 was the Turkey merchant, to whom succeeded, in popular estimation, the West India merchant, the Guinea trader, and the merchant who dealt with the plantations and presidencies of the New World. At a later date, the popular fancy exaggerated the really prodigious gains of the 'nabob' of India. These ill-got profits were very large, as was natural when monopolies were guarded and enforced with the strong hand; indeed, the legitimate profits of those who, in the days of Clive and Hastings, sought to shake the traditional rupee-tree, would have been great in any case. Sellers were few, and customers plenty. But when enormous salt-duties, tolls on grain, bribes extorted from a timid and obsequious race, and the like, were added to these, there is no marvel in the rapidity with which money flowed in. But the nabobs were never popular. Men first wondered, and then began to hoot and upbraid the rich new-comer in the name of outraged humanity. Anglo-Indian Dives had to bear more than the loss of his health as a drawback to his full coffers; he moved among his country people, envied, but under a cloud of suspicion, and dark stories of fraud and torture dogged his steps.

Almost the inauguration of the system of joint-

stock companies was fraught with great scandal and wide-spread ruin. That system, to which we owe much of our advance in civilisation, has always been prolific in frightful crashes; but perhaps no enterprise ever overwhelmed so many in its fall as the South-sea Bubble in England, the Mississippi scheme in France. Speculation was then something new; there were few channels wherein capital could gainfully flow; hoarding had been the practice of those whose incomes exceeded their outlay. Accordingly, the public mind, dazzled with glittering visions of unbounded wealth to be acquired by the shareholders in those magic concerns which were to fuse the opposite hemispheres in a Trismegistan crucible, went mad for a time. Sad and silly as are the records of the South-sea mania in England, those of the plausible scheme of Law, as developed in France, are of far deeper dye and more grotesque absurdity. In England, fair estates came to the hammer; the trophies of many a life spent in honourable industry were dissipated; the little heap of savings that the hard-handed worker had painfully won, went to fatten knaves. But in France the dupes were legion. The court and the nation were deceived as grossly as individuals among ourselves; the vain, high-spirited nobility of pre-revolutionary Gaul were on their knees before the shrine of Profit, set up in the Rue Quincampoix, with John Law of Lauriston for its high-priest. Nothing was too good for Law, the wonderful man who was to pour into the lap of exhausted France the boundless treasures of America. In hopes of a sprinkling from that golden fountain across the Atlantic, whose key Law feigned to keep, rank and fashion grovelled before the arch-pontiff of speculation. Lamentable as well as ridiculous events combined to prove the frantic eagerness of those who fought, beseeched, intrigued, or even stabbed (as Horn did) to get shares. Yet a little while, and Law was an impoverished exile, and France was weeping tears of grief and rage over the discovered juggle.

Trade, in the last century, had a great deal to contend with. The fairest regions of the New World were yet an appanage of the crown of Castile, and the Spaniards were among the most severe jailers that commerce has ever known. Spain wanted to draw the precious metals from her colonies, and at the same time to keep them from contact with the heretics of England and Holland. Even in her weakness, she played with consistent pomposity the part of dog in the manger. Her interference was incessant. When at stated times a fleet arrived from Carthage or Valparaiso, the most doleful statements and apprehensions filled the puny journals of London. The king of Spain, it was announced, would not permit the ships to be unloaded, the goods shared, or the bullion distributed, until some arbitrary and unfair regulation, quite contrary to treaties and common-sense, had been complied with. Then followed months of delay, vexation, expense, and hope deferred. The vessels lay at Cadiz, at great cost to their owners, and the ambassadors wore out their tempers and the tires of their coach-wheels in ceaseless visits to the Escorial, and eternal contests with etiquette. At last, O joy! it was announced on 'Change that the Most Catholic King had ceased to be obstructive, and that the convoy might separate, and the merchants of Amsterdam and London might thankfully receive their own. It would take too long to give even the briefest abstract of the battles which Trade has had to fight with her worst enemy, an enemy that approaches her under the mask of friendship, and then insidiously throttles her—Protection. In the reign of Charles II., Protection drove Irish pork and butter, Irish corn and cattle, out of the English markets, which were fast growing too cheap to suit the graziers and factors of Britain. It was then that the Duke of Buckingham (Dryden's Zimri) declared that 'whoever voted for the admission of the produce of

Ireland, must have an Irish heart in his bosom or an Irish intellect in his head,' and the sentiment met with undeserved applause. Shortly after, the woollen interest fought to exclude the muslins of Dacca, and the cottons of Calicut and Benares. Their advocates in parliament denounced in round terms the unpatriotic gentlemen who went 'flaunting in calico shirts,' and the fine ladies who wore 'Bengal cobwebs,' instead of the smothering woollen which had contented their grandmothers. The Leeds and Norwich clothiers were beaten then; but in the reign of James II. they had procured an act which compelled the dead to be wrapped in woollen. Parliamentary contests, furious open-air riots, the smashing of machinery, the firing of mills, orders in council for bidding all sorts of improvements, the meddling of the ubiquitous exciseman; these, and foreign wars the most exhausting, had poor Trade to encounter upon her upward way. Yet she triumphed. Fetter after fetter dropped from the mighty limbs of the growing giantess; her step became more steady and assured; her voice was heard even above the bray and clangour of wasteful war. The great difficulty of commerce was to save itself from the officious friends who sought to kill it with kindness, and to stifle it with rules and enactments. Many statesmen of great wisdom and skill took the most erroneous views of Trade, esteeming the traffic of a nation rather in the light of a sickly hot-house plant in need of forcing, than of a forest tree that only asks air, and space, and sunshine, to grow into vigorous strength.

Happily, Trade had her pilots and her advocates, men who long ago saw the haven afar off, and set forth in lucid language the real causes of the progress or decay of countries; and to their toil must in a great measure be attributed the toppling down of the old bulwarks with which men tried to pen in the ceaseless ebb and flow of a world-wide commerce. Trade, even now, when she pours golden showers from her fathomless cornucopia, is not quite free. With us, her emancipation is nearly complete; but abroad, she alternates between close bondage and a sort of ticket-of-leave, and is looked upon by most despotic rulers as a creature not wholly trustworthy. However, as she has the envied property of converting all that she touches into gold, there is little doubt that her merits will make their way at last, even in sluggish Spain and medieval Russia.

MY MUSTANG AND I.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—HOW I LOST HIM.

Léon, my brave mustang! spite of the good accord that so long subsisted between us, cemented by many an escapade on the trail and frolic in the camp, if, by a miracle, you could be recuscitated from your prairie-grave, I yet doubt whether I should altogether care to ride you down Rotten Row, attired in my hunter's costume of yore, for we should both be laughed at! 'Horsey' men, posing themselves in attitudes by the park rails, would try to be funny at the expense of my wild-looking white pony; and while sneering at your rough coat, leonine mane, untrimmed hocks, shoeless feet, and, above all, your queer-looking tail, which your first master, the Pawnee chief, had docked in the eccentric fashion of his tribe, would quite overlook your magnificent points, the broad chest, clean limbs, proud eye, and intelligent head, and your thoroughly 'game' qualities, that your pampered park compatriot knows not of. And while the men were criticising you, the ladies would be quizzing the *outré* appearance of your rider. For though the Indian costume which I affected on the prairies, consisting of hunting-shirt and pantaloons of dressed deer-skin, looked very romantic and dandified with its fringed seams when

new, the grease, blood and earth stains it acquired on the prairie caused it quickly to deteriorate. The fringes, too, soon got few and far between, by the habit I had of 'plucking' myself, after the fashion of the domestic hen—when sitting—if we were short of a bit of string, wherewith to repair our gear. Ah, well! little horse, they never laughed at us on the prairies, for you were the fleetest and staunchest of your breed, and I—I was not accounted a bad shot either with rifle or revolver. And I know, Léon, *amigo mio*, that I was far happier mounted on your back, and scouring over the free wild lands of the Far West, than when riding, as I sometimes do now, solemnly and listlessly in the park with a crowd of other equestrians in different degrees of solemnity and listlessness.

When Léon first came into my possession, I was travelling in Oregon, that glorious country, of which we hear so little, but of which future generations *shall* hear so much—their wonder equally excited at its magnificent destinies, and the short-sighted policy which permitted their ancestors to allow the English boundary-line to be fixed so far north as the Columbia. The avocations that led me to explore this *terra incognita* are easily explained. I had originally sailed with a band of adventurers from California to form a settlement on the Umpqua River, in latitude forty-four degrees north, about one hundred and fifty miles south of the Columbia, and having been irresistibly attracted by the health-giving climate and the hunting, shooting, and fishing of this virgin land, I could not for some time tear myself away from its fascinations. In fine, under the different rôles of hunter, trader, boatman, ranger, and *gambusino*, I passed through the length and breadth of Oregon. Of course, under such circumstances, a good mount was of the first necessity to me, and I grudged no expense to obtain it. Léon, one of the best mounts I ever possessed, became mine under somewhat peculiar circumstances. I was passing through the Willamette Valley when my riding-mule gave out, and only by great exertions I got her along the trail till I reached a small building, which in Ireland would have been called a 'shebeen' house, in Paris a cabaret, and in England a 'rookery,' but in this out-of-the-way part of the world was dignified by the title of 'hotel.'

The hotel, a wooden, weather-boarded structure, boasted only of two rooms, and into the first one, the public room, I entered *sans cérémonie*, as is the fashion in the West, and found it occupied by three persons, two of whom were playing at cards, while the third looked on. At a single glance I marked my men and noted the position of affairs. It was a very old *tableau* to me—I had seen it over and over again at the mines. The party overlooking the game was the landlord of the hotel, a villainous-looking Yankee. Of the players, one was a digger from California; his adversary, whose white hand belied the rough disguise of a backwoodsman which he had adopted, was a professional gambler, or 'sportsman,' as he is designated in America, kept by the establishment on purpose to fleece any unwary travellers who, possessing more money than wit, chanced to enter the place. In the present instance, this nefarious scheme had been perfectly successful. The unfortunate digger, who had made a 'pile' at the mines, was on his way to purchase a farm on the Columbia, when his bad-fortune had led him into this man-trap, where the besetting weakness of the American mind, a taste for gambling, had induced him to 'try his luck.' All his gold-dust had gone, and at the time I entered he was playing for his 'fixings,' namely, his rifle, blankets, poncho, &c. Soon these too were lost, and only his horse, a powerful white mustang, I had noticed tethered outside, remained to him.

'Three ounces agin the mustang, mister,' said the sportsman, shuffling the cards.

'Taint enough—fifty dollars ain't—for yon animal,' exclaimed the unfortunate digger. 'I traded for him with a Pawnee chief coming down the "overland," and he's jost the best mustang in Oregon.'

'I will give you fifty dollars and my mule for him,' I interposed; 'that is,' I continued, returning the threatening looks now launched at me by the pair of sharpers with interest, 'if you will play no more.'

The owner of the mustang looked from one to the other of us, and a beam of common-sense seemed to enlighten him. 'Stranger,' he said, 'I'll take your offer, and wish we'd met earlier.'

Somewhat of a 'muss' occurred on this, but I do not care to describe it; enough that the mustang became mine.

Léon, as my new horse was called, proved invaluable for the purposes for which I required him. Like all of his breed, he had only two paces, a gallop and fast walk, or rather amble. In his willingness and extraordinary powers of endurance at this last pace, consisted his chief value, as it is this pace that is generally employed by the traversers of the unsettled regions of the Far West in their long journeys, extending from week to week, or from month to month, as it is found by experience to be the easiest for man and horse. This applies also to pack-horse and mule trains. If in one of these long journeys one's horse is a slow walker, he confers a world of trouble, fatigue, and mortification on his rider, who must be continually on the alert to maintain his place in the *cavalcade*, and to accomplish it, it is of necessity compelled to urge his slow steed ever and anon into a disagreeable shaking trot. The length of a fair day's prairie travel is reckoned about thirty miles; but the prairie mile is a very long one, being something like the Scotch—'a mile and a bittock.'

But thirty or forty prairie miles diurnally were all one to Léon, and he performed them with the greatest ease. His gallop was remarkably fleet, but, like most prairie travellers, I seldom indulged in it, husbanding such exertions for the chase or other contingencies of travel. On all occasions, he stood fire remarkably well; so well, that I frequently made a rest of his back when firing at large game.

Of the many adventures that befell Léon and myself in that land of adventures, the Far West, I have selected the following:

I was camped once near Elkton, a small city on Elk Creek, a tributary of the river Umpqua, state of Oregon, my purpose there being to purchase supplies for the Californian mines. I had with me a train of mules and my riding-horse Léon. The latter's fine action and symmetrical proportions attracted a good deal of attention, and many were the offers to purchase or barter him that I refused. Amongst the most pressing of these would-be purchasers was a French and Indian half-breed, who was continually pestering me on the subject, offering me anything he possessed in the world for my horse, from his gold-dust up to his squaw. Annoyed by his pertinacity, I at last gave him a refusal couched in terms more emphatic than polite; and muttering something to himself, the fellow turned away, and for some little time I saw no more of him. About this time, a traveller I became acquainted with lent me a book to read. Now, a book was indeed a *rara avis* on the western prairies, and the loan of this volume—a copy of one of the Waverley novels, the *Talisman*—though I had read it frequently before in England, was to me then an event of such importance, that it quite constituted a 'white day' in my calendar. In order not to be disturbed in the perusal of my treasure, and so to extract from it the greatest possible amount of mental enjoyment, I rode Léon out from camp one delicious summer morning, and plunged into the woods. Such was my eagerness to enjoy my treat, that I did not give myself time to place the proper accoutrements on my horse, but flinging a buffalo robe, on which I usually slept, over

his back, I secured it with a strap, and for a bridle I made use of the lasso round his neck. I was, however, somewhat fastidious in selecting the *locale* for my purpose; and as the country about Elkton was very broken, I rode at least four or five miles before I 'suited myself.'

At length I discovered a spot that would have served the most fastidious taste. It was a sheltered hillside, well wooded, and in parts overspread with the softest of moss, to serve for my couch; while beneath me stretched a little green prairie, which offered to my steed the most dainty of feeding-grounds. Dismissing Léon, with his lasso dragging, to his repast, I chose a seat beneath the spreading branches of a cedar, and speedily resolved myself into a reading committee of one. Deep in the mysteries of the *Talisman*, I should say about an hour passed away in my pleasant solitude, undisturbed by any society save that of birds, chief of whom a patriarchal-looking, bald-headed eagle, after first circling round my head, sat and watched me from his eyrie, the topmost bough of a giant pine. Of sounds there were none, save the harsh cry of the sand-crane from the distant woods, or the croak of the ever-ubiquitous crows in the cedar above my head. How pleasant all this was! but suddenly—very suddenly—there ensued a change in the aspect of affairs: the bald-headed eagle sailed hastily away; my friends, the crows, scolding bitterly, scattered right and left; the *Talisman* fell to the ground; and I sprang to my feet. What had caused this disturbance? Simply the angry crack of a rifle, whose ball had 'pinged' above my head, and embedded itself in the bark of my cedar. In a word, *my life had been attempted*. I had not much trouble to detect the would-be assassin who had fired the shot; for, skulking in the cover, some distance to my right, I made out the figure of the rascally half-breed, who, in order to get possession of my horse, had first tried to dispose of his owner.

Destitute of any weapon except my 'Green River' bowie-knife, I yet obeyed the instinct that incited me to rush upon and try to close with my enemy; and though the act was apparently foolhardy, it was in reality the most conducive to safety I could have adopted, as it prevented him from reloading his piece. The coward did not await my charge, but abandoning his rifle in his hasty retreat, he rushed to his horse, hitched up to a tree some distance in his rear, and for the time escaped. But he had not put out far on the prairie before I had thrown myself on Léon's back, and was after him in full pursuit. Much to my surprise, the fugitive headed for Elkton, where he must have been aware that my Spanish muleteers and several friends who would have assisted me to punish him were camped. But the wily rogue knew that on a campaign country I should soon have ranged alongside of him, as Léon exceeded his horse in speed; but in consequence of my insecure seat, from want of saddle, a career over broken ground was much to my disadvantage. Now, as I have previously remarked, the approaches to Elkton answered this last description; they comprised a succession of precipitous stony ridges, and deep dry gullies; in fact, just the country to favour the evasion of my foe. I found this out to my cost, when, close upon his haunches, I dashed recklessly after him down the first deep gully we encountered, and performing a somersault over Léon's head, on a sudden check he was compelled to make, in springing from one slight foothold to another, entangled his legs in the lasso I still retained in my hand, and rolled over and over with him to the bottom of the descent! Had this accident occurred in England, one would have naturally expected it would have been a case for hospital or undertaker, but somehow abroad—and in this assertion I am sure other travellers will bear me out—one seems to escape with impunity from the most terrible risks.

In the present instance, I was not seriously injured, but sufficiently bruised to have abandoned any further pursuit of the half-breed, if his evil genius had not incited him to draw bridle on the crest of the opposing ridge, and glance down, no doubt in the hope that I was killed by my fall. The malicious and satanic expression that I saw animated the fellow's swarthy face as he did so, was of more benefit to me at the moment than all the resources of the College of Surgeons. My hurts were all forgotten in an instant; and finding that Léon had also escaped comparatively uninjured, I rapidly cut away the dangerous lasso from his neck, whipped a fathom of it round his lower jaw, and holding it bridle-fashion, I was again on his back and away. But the half-breed was not easily to be overtaken. Selecting the most dangerous passes that offered, and riding desperately, and, sooth to say, skilfully, as all of his colour do, in spite of the superior speed of my mustang, I think the villain must have ultimately escaped, but for his blood-hound instincts; for racing after him down a mountain-side, and turning short up a rocky ravine, that was, I believe, a dried-up water-course, by the turning of my buffalo-robe I again lost my seat, and was thrown for a second time with great violence to the ground, to the great detriment of my hands and knees. In this reverse, however, my wits did not desert me. I was on the point of rising to my feet, when a strange reminiscence of a certain episode in the combat of Sir Kenneth of Scotland with Saladin, I had just been reading in the *Talisman*, occurred to me, and taking my cue from it, I remained perfectly still, as if stunned by the fall. The ruse was to a certain extent successful, for my fugitive, who had again drawn bridle, seeing me apparently *hors de combat*, cautiously approached, but having, I suppose, his suspicions, halted at some little distance, and getting ready his larent-line, prepared to lasso me. This proceeding of my enemy's had not entered into my calculations; but I knew that once fairly noosed by the lasso, I should be dragged at his Mexican saddle-peak over the mountains till life was extinct, and nothing remained of me but a mangled corpse. To avoid such a dire consummation, I sprang to my feet, and rushed to seize his rein. Had it been an English horse and rider, I must have been successful, the distance being so short that the horse could not have got into his stride ere I had been upon him; but Indians and Spaniards alike, while they compel their steeds to halt suddenly when at full gallop, by means of cruel bits, will also as abruptly start them to full speed with their still more cruel spurs; and in this instance my adversary, though taken by surprise, easily placed himself beyond my reach. But at this point, Fortune, so long adverse to my efforts, turned in my favour, and I won the game. Lo! advancing down the ravine from the front, and close at hand, came a 'prospecting' party of armed and mounted white men, who, perceiving something was wrong, rode smartly up; and the half-breed, knowing that if he could escape their horses, he could certainly not outstrip their balls, surrendered at discretion. That night a lynching committee sat in Elkton, and I was put to as much mental exertion to endeavour to get commuted the sentence of death passed on the prisoner, as I had previously used physical exertion to capture him. My English ideas naturally revolted against taking the life of a human being illegally and in cold blood, even though he had tried to assassinate me. But the only favour I could gain from those inflexible judges was a respite for the prisoner till the morrow. This, however, sufficed me, for when the morrow came, the bird had broken out of his cage, represented on this occasion by a log-hut, and had flown away! Great suspicion was attached to my two Spanish mulattoes as being at the bottom of this, especially as it was found that they were drinking and playing *monté* with the American

guard at the period when, according to calculation, the prisoner must have broken through the shingles of his roof. I myself even did not escape the imputation of having assisted his escape. But as I 'gave no sign,' and my Spaniards, when they were accused of the act, only gave the usual reply which they made to every nine out of ten questions asked of them, 'Quien sabe?' (Who knows?) the affair soon blew over, and the half-breed escaped scot-free, with the exception of the loss of horse, accoutrements, and squaw, all of which miscellaneous property was declared forfeited.

A few months after this, I quitted the Shasta plain mines of Northern California to go on a 'prospecting' expedition for a few days. My companion was a Texian man, whose Christian name was Dave, otherwise David; his surname I never knew. He was an experienced miner; and as it was his boast that he could often shoot a deer from the threshold of his own domicile in Texas, it can readily be supposed that he was a prime hunter and an adept in all the mysteries of the wilderness. Though he was far from being free from some of the unpleasant idiosyncrasies of Texian men generally—amongst which I may particularise a certain lawlessness, and decided absence of the *bienveillance* of life—I was still considerably prepossessed in favour of Dave, who was a good fellow at heart. I was one of the few men who could consort with him; but having first excited his interest by sketches of the old country, or as he called it, 'hum,' in return for his yarns of Indian skirmishes and Mexican forays, we had ultimately become fast friends. I do not, however, think that I should have gained the place in his estimation which I did, but for two reasons. In the first place, I was a very fair shot, and shooting with Dave, and backwoodsmen generally, approximates to their religion. In the second place, like all 'great' men—and he stood nearly seven feet high in his mining-boots—he had his hobby, which, if I did not flatter, I took good care to respect; this hobby consisted in a great admiration for an old mule he possessed, of peculiarly vile temper and disagreeable appearance. Her name was 'Gin'ral,' a cognomen bestowed by her master in utter disregard of sex, in consequence of her having borne him company all through the Mexican war, in which he was employed under the stars and stripes as a scout.

Whenever Dave commenced a yarn of Mexico, 'that thar animal' was always adduced as a living and respected evidence of the veracity of the narration. But 'that thar animal' by no means reciprocated her master's affections; on the contrary, her vile temper incited her to bite or kick him whenever she had a chance. Then, again, endless were the pranks she played him in escaping from camp, or getting rid of the pack on a journey. Her appearance was certainly not more prepossessing than her temper. 'Her coat was of a peculiar tawny brown, especially ugly, and in many places fallen off in patches; while all the care and feeding bestowed upon her did not seem to affect her condition, which, like Dickens's Miss Miggs, was given to scragginess. A decided spavin on the off fore-leg, and a tendency to 'roaring,' completes a fair catalogue of the Gin'ral's perfections. Mounted on this pearl of mules, while I bestrode Léon, Dave and myself set forth on our prospecting expedition. Our preparations were very simple. We each carried a bag of provisions, and our mining and cooking utensils were equally divided between us. In addition, we were both armed to the teeth, for at that time feuds between white and red men ran high, and it was especially dangerous for a small party of the former to travel far from the mines.

The white-capped peak of the great Shasta mountain, crowned with everlasting snows, soon disappeared from our view, as, regardless of trails, we struck out in a northerly direction. On we fared,

through prairie and forest, climbing high mountains, and descending deep valleys, and considerably impeded in our progress by the necessity of fording or swimming rivers, but beyond the incidents of travel, encountering nothing worthy of note. We beguiled our lonely trail by yarns, and, as usual, the Gin'ral held the place of honour in Dave's recitals. At certain places, where the presence of gold was detectable by the presence of quartz, or other 'signs' palpable to a miner, we halted to prospect. This operation consisted in sinking a hole down to the 'bed-rock,' which lies very shallow in this rocky region, and carefully washing the soil as we proceeded, to see whether it contained sufficient gold to afford a remunerative price, if worked. I may remark that five cents, or twopence-halfpenny's worth of gold per bucket, is the very lowest average that can possibly remunerate a miner's exertions; and then the mine must be shallow, and very easily worked. To the uninitiated, it would seem somewhat difficult to appreciate the value of such a small quantity of gold as twopence-halfpenny's worth, but habit makes all things easy. A little experience in the mining regions, where, the legitimate currency being very scarce, payments are mostly made in gold-dust, enabled me to select a spangle of gold just worth one halfpenny, with the same ease that I could pour into the palm of my hand a small heap of the precious metal exactly equivalent, neither more nor less, to one dollar. Thus two or three days passed away; and working up in a northerly direction, the long range of the Ciskiou Mountains, the natural boundaries of California and Oregon, began to loom in the distance whenever we ourselves gained an elevated plateau. I think that it was about the fourth day of our journey, when, passing through some heavily timbered land, we debouched suddenly into a small prairie, and came upon a group of four or five Indians. In an instant, my rifle was unslung, and poised in my hands.

'Hold hard!' shouted Dave, who was in my rear; 'taint a war-party; they've got squaws with them.'

He was right, for after a hurried consultation, the main body of redskins retreated towards the edge of the wood, while the figure of a young girl, holding something in her arms, advanced fearlessly towards us. As she came nearer, I saw her burden consisted of a bundle of dried salmon, which no doubt she wished to barter with us. I gazed with no little curiosity on this prairie wild-flower, who had certainly good looks sufficient to entitle her to be considered pretty, if not handsome. Her complexion, hardly darker than one of our own brunettes, was beautifully clear; and her piquant face, lighted up by a pair of eyes dark as night, shewed to great advantage beneath the scarlet fillet that bound up her magnificent long black hair. Her dress I pronounced artistically coquettish, consisting chiefly of a beautifully dressed deer-skin tunic, nearly white, edged with swansdown, which came down to the knee; while her shapely nether limbs were terminated by the smallest of feet, encased in bewildering pretty moccasins, highly embroidered. She also wore girdles, necklaces, bracelets, and anklets, composed principally of beads.

'Me Na-win-ia,' she said, with the smile of an arrant coquette, announcing her name.

'Chinook, Illinois, Chetco?' I demanded interrogatively, naming several tribes, to ascertain which tribe she belonged to.

'Me Shasta,' replied the young lady, shaking the blackest of locks, and displaying the whitest of teeth.

Now we were at peace with the Shasta Indians.

'I think what she says is true,' I remarked to Dave, who, with a lowering brow, quite uninfluenced by her charms, was gazing upon this young Diana of the woods with the dissatisfied intentness a devout antiquary might be supposed to exhibit on a specimen of the dark ages being offered to him

which he had reasons for believing spurious. To my 'aside,' he did not vouchsafe a reply. Pulling out a few strings of beads from my stores, I proffered them to the acceptance of the young Indian, in exchange for her fish, but rejecting them with a wave of the hand, she articulated in broken English: 'Powder—ball.'

'Powder and ball, eh?' here broke in Dave, in a violent passion. 'This hoss jest guessed it. Out of this, ye Injun akunk; ye don't get powder and ball to shoot white men hyar, I can tell ye;' and clubbing his rifle, he advanced fiercely upon the girl, who scudded like a frightened hare across the prairie, and rejoined her friends.

'Rogue River Injuns from Oregon, or I'll be dog-goned,' he added in explanation; 'jest the greatest thieves and vagabonds unhung.'

'At least the girl was harmless,' I interjected, somewhat piqued at his ungallant behaviour to our fair visitant.

'A spy,' he replied—'nothing shorter, I guess. Didn't ye mark the young varmint, how she kinder eyed our plunder, specially that thar animal: but they ain't got her just yet, eh, lass?' and he tried to pat his hard bargain, who disrespectfully declined the favour, as if her possession constituted the very acme of human happiness. 'See hyar, my boy,' continued Dave, seriously shaking his head, as, the Indians having disappeared, we continued our route, 'we must look sharp after our plunder and scalps now, or we'll have "trouble" from yon Injuns, or this child knows naught of the breed.'

I am not ashamed to remark that, forcibly impressed with the truth of this last observation of Dave's, and having a strong prejudice in favour of keeping my hair on my head, I advocated, as delicately as I could, the policy of retracing our steps in the direction of Shasta. But Dave would not hear of retreat, declaring 'that all the Injuns in California and Oregon warn't a goin' to turn his trail nohow.'

The fact was, he was bent upon prospecting as near as possible to the foot of the great Ciskiou range, to carry out a favourite mining craze, which had long beset him; so, as I could not desert him, we still pressed on with our faces northwards. The encounter with the Indians had, however, the effect of making us more careful about the safety of our camp at night; our animals were no longer picketed, but tied up close to a tree, near which one of us slept while the other kept guard. We also carefully extinguished the ashes of our camp-fire, when darkness closed in, and, in fine, took the usual precautions of travellers in hostile Indian country to prevent surprise. The next day we reached the fork of a small river, whose name I forget, and commenced our prospecting operations, but still with no success. Somewhat disheartened, we left off about an hour before sundown, lighted our camp-fire, and prepared supper; the horses, with their lareats dragging, feeding close at hand. Our camp was pitched on the long gentle incline of a hill, half-way between its summit and the creek of the river, and we had been careful to select a spot devoid of all cover that might conceal a lurking foe in the shape of an Indian. After supper, with the comfortable feeling that a good meal causes to good digestions, we lighted our pipes, and began to chat over our pannikins of coffee. But shortly, somewhat to my annoyance, my Texian friend commenced one of his interminable yarns on the subject of 'that thar animal,' who had come to be my *bête noir*, and I sought to turn the conversation.

'By the by, Dave,' I interrupted, 'where are the animals?'

We stood up and looked round; sure enough, both horse and mule were missing; and yet, through the fast-fading twilight, we could see for a considerable distance around us. As there was no other cover at hand, it was apparent that they had strayed over the hill-top, and thither we bent our steps. When the

summit of the hill was gained, a wide valley lay open before us, down which we eagerly peered, but looked in vain for the objects of our quest. The cattle had vanished!

BRITISH FEELINGS ON THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

It is quite remarkable how prone the people of America are to misjudge the views and sentiments of Britain regarding their unhappy civil war. In a serious and elaborate article in the *Princeton Review* of January, there is a long summary of the misdeeds of England in the case, closing in affectedly meek terms, like what clergymen use when in a passion, to the effect that they must contemplate the dishonour of the old country as they would the gray hairs of a disgraced parent. Poor John Bull—who wishes for nothing but the blessings of peace to himself and his neighbours—it is really too bad to see him called *Perfidy Albion* on one hand, and a *Gray-headed Iniquity* on another, as if he were never doing anything but plot mischief for all around him! Fortunate it is, that his back is of such a respectable breadth, for it gets a good deal to bear.

It is just one of the unfortunate consequences of the civil war of America, that the Federalists should be blinded by their passionate feelings to the real aspect of foreign states, and thus become extremely liable or likely to get additional quarrels upon their hands. They took up foreign states wrongly from the very beginning, using towards them, not a civil pleading to avert interference in behalf of the Secessionists, which they might have put in sufficiently strong terms, but the language of menace, evidently proceeding upon the idea that self-interest was almost certain to prompt foreign states to such an interference. An apology for the unavoidable inconvenience occasioned by the blockade was what good breeding and good sense would have dictated in any analogous circumstances in private life; and it would surely have been an equally good policy on the part of the American government.

Similarly unfortunate was America in making a resentment out of the recognition by Britain of the Secessionists as belligerents. Had this been less reasonable than it was—and surely when eleven large states broke wholly off, under an organised rule of their own, it was very reasonable for distant onlookers to regard them as in some degree co-ordinate with the remaining states—say, however, it had been less warranted than in the circumstances, as viewed from a British stand-point, it was—still it would have been better to say nothing abusive or minatory about it. With a power like England, menace and resentment were altogether thrown away—could do harm, but no sort of good. It would, at any rate, have been well to wait to see if England meant anything hostile, or even disrespectful, by the act. It really did mean nothing of the kind, as the event has fully shewn. How unfortunate to act so rashly on the contrary assumption, and thus still further raise irritation where friendly sympathy was required!

America has proceeded in the same ill-chosen course ever since, as if anxious to bring on a foreign, in addition to a home enemy. When the President addressed his Congress in December, there was still no sort of conciliatory expression in respect of the case of England and France, as injured by the war. Still the

same insinuations were thrown out as to a possible iniquitous violation of the blockade; not a word of regret expressed for the inconvenience which England and France were suffering. The tone of the press and public of America has been to the same purport. Nothing is heard of but the 'selfish interests' of these countries, and particularly England, as if there were nothing but selfishness to be looked for on that side. Surely the spectacle of some millions of industrious English people thrown out of bread through transactions with which they had nothing to do, might have justified at least a few fair, if not apologetic words. It would have been far better policy than telling us that we were sordid wretches, designing unjustifiable hostile acts.

The whole procedure of the American government and people towards foreign states, including their conduct regarding the *Trent* outrage, has been signally illustrative of a defect in the American character—want of tact. They seem to have been quite incapable of putting themselves for a moment into the position of a neutral country, so as to understand what that other country must necessarily resent; or they would never have approved of the act of Wilkes by so many demonstrations short of the highest recognition—while every government in Europe was pronouncing it unjustifiable—and thus left themselves in the undignified position of surrendering the commissioners under a threat which they might have known all the time they were unable to brave. For this defect of tact, there is at once an explanation and an excuse in the isolated political and social position of America. It does not come much in contact with foreign states, and the individual citizens have nobody to compare themselves with, or against whom to rub and be rubbed. Hence, in their conduct towards foreign governments on this occasion, there has been a mixture of rusticity and childishness, strangely in contrast with their real importance as one of the great Powers of the earth.

It may be safely put to the entire British people if they did not contemplate the outbreak of the war with a great deal of genuine concern and sorrow. There had been 'bumptiousness'—perhaps something worse—from America on several occasions; but little memory of it was kept up, for John Bull, with all his faults, is not a sullen cherisher of resentment. There was even reprobation towards the South, as, for unworthy reasons, breaking up a magnificent union of states which reflected credit on the English name. If a different feeling now prevails, it is easy to see how the injurious misjudgments above described, and some other and more general considerations, have conduced to it.

England, while regretting that there should have been a disruption, and condemning the cause in which it originated, has, in at least an equal degree, been horror-struck at the war instituted for its reparation. True it may be that a compromise was difficult; that frontier, common right to rivers, shares of public obligations, all presented serious obstacles. But, on the other hand, a bloody strife, which may be ineffectual for its purpose, and at the best could only end in putting a desolated country under a military guard is a frightful subject of contemplation. The leading idea in the English mind on the occasion was—the Americans should in some way accept the situation, and make the best of it. It would not be difficult to shew how it was fully as natural and justifiable for England to take this view, as for the Unionists to determine on a war. England has had far more experience of war, and of its disappointing consequences even when tolerably well

conducted, than America has ever had. It knew before, what the Americans are only about to learn now, how difficult it is to subdue a unanimous people occupying a large territory. It had a keen sense of the trouble arising to a state from having large disaffected provinces attached to it, which it must keep down by a standing army. It had been accustomed for a generation to sympathise with such uneasy nationalities as Hungary, Poland, and Venetia. It was natural for England out of these elements to form an opinion about the war—a deprecatory one—and to avow it openly. And it is but fair to point out that, as far as the war has gone, the opinion of England is borne out by events. America has deranged her industrial economy, exhausted her means, laid the foundation of a frightful national debt, surrendered all the safeguards of individual liberty, incurred degradation in the eyes of foreign states, and planted in the southern population a hatred and wrath which will not be appeased for generations, without as yet making the slightest progress towards her object. On the contrary, with only the result of exhibiting what, in contrast with her previous boastings, must be described as great military incapacity, and fixing indelibly upon her annals the memory of what, in the same contrast, will appear as the most ridiculous defeat in universal history. As far as present appearances enable us to judge, she is going nigh to a ruin only paralleled by that of France in her revolution, through the obstinacy with which she is pursuing an inexpedient course. It is to be feared she will ere long have only too much reason to see that the English opinion was sounder than her own, and, if followed, might have saved her unspeakable misery.

The object proposed here was to justify England for the aspect she has borne towards the American struggle. The absolute merits of the struggle itself are not exactly in question; yet a few words regarding these may not be superfluous. On the character of the Southern institution, from which all the trouble flows, mankind are agreed. The war, though not for the abolition of that institution, has sprung from it; and so the institution must be the more condemned. Still there is something not quite unreasonable in the object for which the South is fighting. It is one of the drawbacks of a pure democracy, that, where a part of the nation is strongly distinguished from the rest, either by religion or by a peculiar patrimonial interest, it is, in a minority, placed in a very hopeless position. Between being dragged at the chariot-wheels of the North, and having its destinies in its own hands, the South has no room for hesitation. It would obviously be far happier in a separate state; and no wonder it fights for that object. Nor, if we could for a moment forget slavery, is it to be denied that the South has shewn much of the virtues which are developed by a patriotic cause—firm endurance, self-sacrifice, gallantry in the field. The very reticence it has shewn conveys to an English mind a comparatively respectful impression. Look to the other side, and what do we see? Assuredly nothing like a crusade against slavery—though, were such the case, we might still be far from considering a war against slavery justifiable.* What we mainly see is nothing more nor less than a desire to have a union of thirty-three instead of twenty-two states—a political and not a moral object. A calm European may surely question, not merely if it be worth while, but if it be allowable, in the eyes of God and man, for such an end to inflict so much evil. *If it is not, the People*

of America may be assured that a fearful reckoning is before them, for so has the world been constituted, that wrongs so vast in their sweep and depth cannot pass without being followed by penalties as tremendous.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

RICHARD SAVAGE lives through Dr Johnson: his plays and his poems have become obsolete, but he was Johnson's associate, and Johnson wrote his life, and placed him amongst his poets. Everybody knows that the doctor had a very tender heart hidden beneath much roughness and pugnacity; that he was resolute as friend and as foe, and that he loved and hated with a fervour unconquerable and unreasonable. His biography of Savage is full of proofs of this temper; the shame of Savage's passionate, thriftless, vicious life he excuses and defends as a fond mother might a scapegrace son; and Savage's own story of his birth and boyhood he received with implicit credence, and diffused to the ends of the earth.

Comrades in poverty, sometimes without home or bed, Johnson and Savage were used to pace the London streets at midnight. Round and round St James's Square they walked for hours one night, discussing the danger of the nation, penniless, yet brimful of patriotism, and 'resolved that they would stand by their country.' No wonder, then, that Savage lay very near and dear to a heart like Johnson's.

London streets are thick with like memories of literature in misery, struggle, and success. Many turn into Brook Street, Holborn, to look up at the attic where Chatterton 'perished ere his prime;' and passing that house a few doors on the same side, we come to an entry over which is inscribed 'Fox Court,' in which we are told Richard Savage, son of the Countess of Macclesfield, was born, 16th January 1697-8. Is this true? Was Richard Savage the son of the Countess of Macclesfield, born in Fox Court? Savage said so, and the world believed his tale. Yet some have suspected its truth, and their suspicions have been justified by the painstaking research of Mr W. Moy Thomas. Let us relate some of the results of that research.

Ann, Countess of Macclesfield, was the daughter of Sir Richard Mason of Sutton, Surrey, and was married to the Earl of Macclesfield, then Lord Brandon, in 1683. The marriage was an unhappy one; they found their tastes and tempers incompatible; and after a union of only a few months, they separated, she making her sister's (Lady Brownlowe) house her home. In the course of years, she formed an intimacy with Richard Savage, Earl Rivers, to whom she bore two children, and whose births they concealed with sedulous care, lest they should place her title and fortune in jeopardy. The first, a daughter, born in 1695, was named Ann Savage, after the father and mother, was put out to nurse, and died within a year. Towards the close of 1696, the countess had lodgings taken for her in Fox Court, in which she took up her abode as Madam Smith, a captain's wife, and there, on Saturday, 16th January 1696-7, was born her second child, a son. On Monday the 18th, he was christened by Isaac Burbridge, the minister of St Andrew's, Holborn, and entered in the register as Richard, son of John and Mary Smith. There were present at the baptism the nurse, the priest, and his clerk, Lord Rivers, Mr Newdigate Ousley, and his sister, Miss Dorothy Ousley. Lord Rivers and Mr Ousley stood godfathers, and Miss Ousley godmother to the babe. Next day, Tuesday, it was taken off to Hampstead to nurse by a Mrs Peglear, who was told the child's name was Richard Lee.*

* It is a very general belief in England that, with the Union restored, slavery has a greater chance of being perpetuated than in the event of the South securing its independence; and it seems to be at least a tenable proposition. The North may, indeed, be finally driven to declare for a forcible emancipation, on the principle, '*Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo*;' but, suppose their extremity goes so far, are they likely to be able to carry their point?

* *Notes and Queries*, vol. vi. 2d series. See also an article in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, New Series, No. 161, as to Savage's worthless character.

Meanwhile, gossip was busy with the countess's absence from the world, and the earl came to hear of what had been going on, and actively bestirred himself to collect evidence. He commenced an action for divorce in the Arches Court, and the Ousleys, godfather and godmother, fled to Aix-la-chapelle, to escape serving as witnesses. One day in the summer of 1697, nurse Peglear at Hampstead was visited by Richard Portlock, a baker in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, and his wife, who claimed her nursing as their child, and after some altercation, carried it off, and she never saw the infant more. As the Portlocks did not appear as witnesses in the suit, it is supposed they were bribed out of the way, as was attempted with other witnesses. Leaving the suit undetermined in the Arches Court, the earl took his case before parliament, where a special act of divorce was carried first through the Lords, and finally through the Commons, on the 15th March 1697-8. The divorce was throughout vigorously opposed by the agents and friends of the countess, who, though she lost her title, had her private fortune restored to her in full.

Dr Johnson says the countess publicly admitted her intimacy with Lord Rivers, in order to get rid of her husband, and calls her some hard names in consequence. He also sets her son's birth down as subsequent to the commencement of the action for divorce, namely, 16th January 1697-8. Johnson's information is Savage's, and whenever we quote the one, we quote the other; and these two points are worth noting, because, whilst the truth concerning them was open and easy, they were content to retail inaccuracies, and therefore we might pertinently say, *ab uno disce omnes*.

The countess, by her divorce reduced to her old name of Ann Mason, was within two years married to Colonel Henry Brett, a member of an old and respectable Gloucestershire family. With him she appears to have led a quiet life until his death in 1714. She lived until October 1753, and died at her house in Old Bond Street, aged above eighty. Mrs Brett does not appear to have been a beautiful woman. She is described as of middle size, pretty full in the cheeks, disfigured with the small-pox, with thick lips, brownish hair, dark complexion, and little eyes. Colley Cibber, it is said, had so high an opinion of her taste and judgment as to genteel life and manners, that he submitted every scene of his *Careless Husband* to Mrs Brett's revision and correction.

The question now is: What became of the child taken in haste from Hampstead by the Portlocks? Here we are left in the dark. Mr Moy Thomas supposes that the Portlocks may have been paid to bring up the child as their own, and that it died. In the register of the parish in which they lived, St Paul's, Covent Garden, amongst the burials, he finds entered 'November 1698, Richard Portlock,' which he presumes may be that of the child; but Richard was the name of the baker, Portlock, and it is likely he would call one of his children after himself. It is, however, Mr Thomas's opinion that the Portlocks were only the agents of the Ousleys in removing the child from Hampstead. The Ousleys had all along made themselves serviceable to Lord Rivers in providing nurses, and looking after his children. They lived in the parish of St Martin's, adjoining the Portlocks, and in the register of burials in St Martin's, about two years after the divorce, is entered '1699-1700-30 Jan., Richard Smith, C.-C. indicating a child. Here is the difficulty. Was this the son of Lord Rivers? Could we ascertain beyond question the fate of that child, Savage's claims would be set at rest. Unfortunately, when Savage appeared on the scene, the Ousleys and Lord Rivers were all dead, and Mrs Brett may have justly feared that any assertions of hers would be distrusted, and hence have concluded that silence was her best policy.

The earliest notice yet found of the existence of Richard Savage is in 1717, when he published a poem under the following title: '*The Convocation, or a Battle of the Pamphlets, a Poem*. Written by Richard Savage. London, printed for E. Young, at the Angel, near Lincoln's Inn Back Gate, and sold by J. Morphew, near Stationers' Hall, 1717.' He then took to play-writing, and in 1719 published one, entitled '*Love in a Veil, a Comedy*, as it is acted in the Theatre-royal in Drury Lane, by His Majesty's Servants. Written by Richard Savage, Gent., son of the late Earl Rivers. London, printed for E. Curll, &c., 1719.' On this title-page Savage made his first public claim of relationship to Lord Rivers, a claim which from thenceforth, with amplification, he lost no opportunity of dinning into all ears. Where had Savage been spending his childhood? Lord Rivers's child vanished from Hampstead in 1697, and if Richard Savage was that child, where had he been during the intervening twenty years?

We have no answer to this inquiry except from Savage himself. No one has left us any particulars of his boyhood: neither playfellows nor old neighbours seem to have risen to claim his acquaintance when he was known as a poet and the talk of the town. His own account of himself appeared in many forms in his lifetime, and Johnson gave it a world-wide currency in his memoir, but it was loose and variable; though credulously accepted, no one appears to have tested it; and when we now examine his statements, we are bewildered in contradictions and improbabilities.

Savage said he had been brought up by a nurse, who received orders from his mother to treat him as her own child, and to keep from him all knowledge of his real parents; which directions she faithfully followed, so that until her death he bore her name, and knew of his right to no other. During these years he was tenderly protected by his grandmother, Lady Mason, and by his godmother, Miss Ousley, whom he calls Mrs Lloyd, who guarded him 'as tenderly as the apple of her eye,' and whom he describes as 'a lady who kept her chariot, and lived accordingly. But, alas! I lost her when I was but seven years of age.' By the direction of Lady Mason, he had been placed at a small grammar-school at or near St Albans. His mother, Mrs Brett, had made an attempt to ship him secretly off to the American plantations, but by some means failed. She then had him placed with a shoemaker in Holborn, with the purpose of apprenticing him to his trade. When about seventeen, his nurse died, and he, as her son, went to her house, opened her boxes, and examined her papers, among which he found a letter written to her by Lady Mason, which informed him of his birth, and the reason for which it was concealed; whereon he refused to be a shoemaker, claimed a share in Mrs Brett's affluence, was repulsed and denied by her, and then took to authorship for a livelihood.

As we examine this story in detail, we find how indefinite, unlikely, and, in some respects, manifestly untrue it is. Where did his nurse reside, and what was her name which he bore? Writing long afterwards in 1739, to the learned Miss Elizabeth Carter, he says: 'That I did pass under another name till I was seventeen years of age is truth, but not the name of any person with whom I lived.' Whilst thus backing out of an early statement, he takes care neither to give his nurse's name nor his own. Was his Richard Smith, or Lee, or Portlock? Nothing that he could leave vague did he fix. His nurse, his home, his haunts, his companions, we have not one certain word about. The grammar-school he said he attended, and the name of his master, are unknown. These are references which a man with honest claims would have given in fulness and with precision, but to which a clever pretender would avoid committing himself. We need not waste one word over the

incredible correspondence of Lady Mason with the nurse, for Savage himself obliterates it in his letter of 1739 to Miss Carter, in which he declares 'the mean nurse' to be 'quite a fictitious character.' Yet giving up the nurse is about equivalent to giving up Savage as the earl's son. He had boasted of possessing 'convincing original letters' found in the boxes of his nurse; but if the nurse is a fiction, so are her boxes and the letters in them. 'Convincing original letters,' however obtained, Savage never produced. He was always ravenous for money to gratify his vicious propensities, and could at any time have obtained some guineas from publisher Curll for his documents; and though he wanted neither delicacy to restrain, nor spite to prompt their publication, yet never a scrap of Lady Mason's writing did he give to the world. In fact, neither by writings nor by witnesses, did Savage's claims ever receive the slightest sanction; beyond his own assertions, they never met with any support.

Miss Ousley, Savage's godmother, transformed by marriage or his fancy into Mrs Lloyd, died, he said, when he was seven years old, leaving him a legacy of £300, of which he was defrauded by her executors. When did this fact come to his knowledge? Who were the fraudulent executors? Savage was not used to conceal the names of his enemies; why did he hide theirs? The Ousleys were a numerous and thriving family, and they were surely amenable to justice. Newdigate Ousley, his godfather, did not die until 1714, and he and Lady Mason would not surely see the child wronged. But Savage appears to have been in utter ignorance of the name of the Ousleys; and yet he tells Miss Carter that, 'in a letter of Mrs Lloyd's, a copy of which I found many years after her decease,' he found the comparison of her love for him as 'the apple of her eye.' If he was allowed to ransack his godmother's papers, he must have known the Ousleys; and if he knew them, he could scarcely have failed to plague them terribly for the £300 left to him. We fear 'Mrs Lloyd, the godmother, who kept a chariot and lived accordingly,' was to Savage what Mrs Harris was to Sairey Gamp.

Savage must have been to Mrs Brett a cruel visitation. Colonel Brett was dead; she was a widow with a daughter arrived at womanhood, and in the long years that had intervened might reasonably have hoped that the memories of her earlier life were lapsing into oblivion, when Savage raked them out, and blazoned them with aggravations before the world. On such a theme and with such a man controversy was for her impossible; and she was content to oppose to his outcries a silence alike courageous and discreet. At first, his approaches were made with some attempt at wheedling. In a letter to *The Plain Dealer*, he writes of her as 'a mother whose fine qualities make it impossible to me not to forgive her, even while I am miserable by her means only;' and describes her as one who, 'in direct opposition to the impulse of her natural compassion, upon mistaken motives of a false delicacy, shut her memory against his wants;' and again in some verses in the same magazine mentions her:

'Yet has this sweet neglecter of my woes
The softest, tenderest breast that pity knows!
Her eyes shed mercy wheresoe'er they shine,
And her soul melts at every woe—but mine.'

But Mrs Brett was not to be beguiled by these soft speeches. Savage haunted her neighbourhood. 'It was his frequent practice,' says Johnson, 'to walk in the dark evenings for several hours before her door, in hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand.' It was to no purpose that he wrote to her and solicited to see her; she avoided him with the greatest care, and gave orders that he should be excluded from her house by whomsoever he might

be introduced, and what reason soever he might give for entering it. One evening, finding the street-door open, he slipped in, went up stairs, and accosted her in the passage. She, in a very natural and feminine style, screamed 'Murder,' and ordered her servants to turn him out of the house.

Matters came to a climax in 1727. Savage in a tavern brawl killed a man, was tried, found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hung. Now commenced a stir indeed. Hang a poet, and an earl's son withal! A short account of his life was drawn up, telling the story of his birth, and the heartlessness and wickedness of his mother, and it circulated by thousands. The Countess of Hertford laid the piteous tale before the queen, who won from the king a pardon, and Savage was set free on 9th March 1728. His rage against Mrs Brett now knew no bounds. As everybody credited his story, he appears to have at length believed it in earnest himself. His charges against her became intensified in malignity; and he said she had interfered to prevent the king's mercy, and to have him hanged. He therefore resolved to harass her with lampoons until she allowed him a pension. In pursuance of this dastardly threat, he published his poem, entitled *The Bastard*, in which he versified his own wretchedness and Mrs Brett's inhumanity, and which passed through five editions in the course of the year.

At this juncture, Lord Tyrconnel, a nephew of Mrs Brett's, interposed; whether he wished to relieve his aunt from her persecutor, or to possess a live poet for himself, he offered Savage a home in his own house, and an allowance of £200 per annum, which Savage with readiness accepted, and sung his patron's praise, and dedicated to him his verses. At last, Savage's habits wore out Tyrconnel's patience; he kept outrageous hours, turned his house into a tavern, and Tyrconnel found works he had presented to Savage on the book-stalls, sold by him to purchase drink. In 1735, he revoked his pension, and sent him adrift, whereon he was addressed and defied by Savage as a 'Right Honourable Brute and Booby,' and told that he had cut his poet because he was hard up, and did not like paying £200 a year.

Begging, drinking, brawling, Savage now led a more wretched life than ever. Moved with pity, some of his friends subscribed £50 a year, of which Pope contributed £20, to keep him in rural economy at Swansea. With difficulty he was got out of London in July 1739. Unfortunately, Bristol lay in the route to Swansea, and some of its literary citizens feasted the poet, and by their gifts enabled him to renew his dissipated London habits. After wearying and disgusting them, he reached Swansea in September 1742, which, as was to be expected, was a place not at all to his taste, and he set out for London, taking Bristol on his way. There his journey was cut short by a Mrs Read, who had him arrested for a trifling debt; and after spending six months in the Newgate of Bristol, he died in that prison on the 31st July 1743.

In February 1744, Johnson published his *Life of Savage*. The book affords a fine study of the method and temper of Johnson's own mind. He conceals nothing about Savage known to himself, and he repeats all Savage's tales about his birth and the conduct of Mrs Brett in implicit faith. Johnson is at once credulous and truthful, and his tenderness for the comrade of his poverty shut his eyes to the utter meanness of Savage's character, and closed his ears to the despicable whine of a full-grown, able-bodied man for money and a mother! Savage's persecution of Mrs Brett he aids and abets in a style Savage never equalled, pursuing her as an unnatural monster through page after page with all those trenchant epithets of reprobation of which he was master. Mrs Brett, poor old lady, lived to read Johnson's curses for ten years.

As Savage's story is questioned more and more

closely, still further inconsistencies are revealed. From the facts already adduced, many will readily coincide with Mr Thomas in his conclusion: 'I have not, I confess, any doubt that Richard Savage was an impostor.'

BUMBOATS AND BUMBOATMEN.

'By the deep seventy-five fathoms!' is the cry that cheers the heart of poor Jack, who, perhaps, like the sweet little cherub, is perched up aloft, keeping a sharp look-out for the first hazy outline of distant land. After four months of nothing but the waste of waters in its variations from intense calm to surging hurricane, it is with no small delight that the watch on deck hear the mate pass the word to bend the line to the deep-sea lead. Then weary, anxious faces look over the ship's side to watch for a discolouring in the perpetual blue. Listening ears eagerly catch the words sung out sturdily by the man in the chains, as his stalwart arm swings the lead backwards and forwards with gradually increasing velocity, until it has gained sufficient impetus to be swung far ahead of the ship's cut-water. The rest flies round like lightning; the rope slips as rapidly through the hand of the lead-man, till, with sudden jerk, he stops its further progress. The bottom has been found, and when the deep-sea lead is again hauled up and over the ship's side, to it is found attached samples of the ground far beneath the ocean whither its weight has penetrated. The watch down below have turned out a full two hours before their time. But the biscuit and muddy coffee, with the scraps of salt-junk which constitute the daily breakfast, are swallowed with difficulty and disdain. They long now for shore luxuries, and as they near the land, keep a sharp look-out for that invaluable fellow, the bumboatman, who watches the signal-staff with the eyes of a vulture, and will put out to sea at all seasons and hours to meet the coming ship, with his store of looked-for luxuries.

Here we are with a leading wind, steering direct for the beautiful island of Pulo Penang. The high hill in the centre, surmounted by the signal-staff, is distinctly visible from deck, though we are forty miles away from the harbour. But the old signal-sergeant has a good glass up there, and has already espied us, as his flag announces to eager 'Abraham Brown,' that patriarch of all Eastern boatmen, who carries about with him a goodly sized quarto volume full of certificates from nautical customers, which are worded in every vein of humour conceivable, and an exact copy of which would be worthy of a place in the British Museum. Abraham Brown has spied the signal, and though we cannot see him, nor he us, be assured he has put out to sea in his trusty and capacious boat, bringing with him much of this world's creature comforts, and an abundance of fruit and vegetables. The wind is rather against him, but he can work traverse sailing as well as the best navigator, and keep beating about the channel through which only vessels can enter the harbour.

The old black cook, in his blacker caboose; the usually industrious steward, and his hard-worked mate in the cabin, are alike neglectful this morning of their usual routine of duty. But such is the good-humour prevalent fore and aft, that not a murmur escapes the lips of the most impatient spirits. If the pea-soup is smoked, and the dough boiled into a paste, it matters but little. Under any circumstances they would both remain untasted, for just as the dinner-hour has been piped, the man at the foretop hails the deck, and announces sail ho! on the larboard-bow. In less than half an hour afterwards, Abraham Brown and his bumboat are towing alongside, and Abraham Brown gets up on deck; and the odour

that pervades the deck fore and aft is no longer that of pitch and tar, and salt fish and slush tubs, and other abominations, but the fragrance of the produce of a grateful soil; for Abraham Brown never forgets, amongst other things, to bring off baskets full of roses, jessamine, and other sweet-scented flowers, which the sailors purchase as eagerly as any ball-going damsel; and after cramming as many into a pannikin full of water as it will hold, decorate their hats with the remainder, or sometimes form beautiful festoons all about the ship's rigging.

In a very short space of time the bumboat is emptied of its freight, for there are willing hands and strong arms at work, and the baskets containing the goods are carefully ranged along the lea-skippers, under shelter of the bulwark. What do the baskets contain? What do they not contain? Ask Jack yonder, who is hitching up his trousers, and rattling the dollars in his pocket as he contemplates the rich store before him, and is only at a loss on which particular basket first to commence his onslaught. Shall it be the mangosteen, rivaling in flavour, and as cool by nature as the most carefully iced raspberries? Shall it be the plantains, not to be surpassed by the finest cream and strawberries? Shall it be the mangoes, or the guavas; the oranges, or shadocks; or shall it be the huge dhurian, rough and coarse without, and abominable of odour within. Even in the choice made in these baskets, one may discriminate the characters and dispositions of the purchasers. The black cook chooses the dhurian, because it is the largest and cheapest, and good enough, he says, for such old bones as his. But when he opens it near the galley-door, he runs imminent risk of being pitched overboard, fruit and all, for the stench pervades every nook and corner of the vessel, and interferes sadly with the enjoyment of the rest of the crew. The dhurian, however, after being opened and exposed to the air for some hours, loses all smell, and is really a succulent and pleasant fruit; besides which, the kernels make a capital substitute for chestnuts, which are unknown in these parts.

But Abraham Brown has other things to vend besides fruits, else would our long-tailed Chinese carpenter fare badly. With the forethought acquired by long experience, the bumboatman has supplied himself with Chon-Chon soup and pork, as prepared by the itinerant vendors of ready-cooked meats that traverse the streets from morning till night in Penang. He has, moreover, for the use of the cabin and fo'castle, butcher's meat in abundance: half oxen and whole sheep and pigs, whilst the baker has furnished him with mountains of well-baked bread, biscuits, cakes, and macaroons. Then, in fifty bottles, he has brought off all the fresh milk he can procure, and in fifty earthenware pots as much fresh butter, and a prodigious quantity of lemons, wherewith to make lemonade this hot afternoon. There never was such a splendid tea-party in any part of the world as assembles that afternoon in the fo'castle deck. They may be provided with better table-linen, finer napkins, more costly china, and far more refined company, but the bill of fare cannot be surpassed, or even rivalled. Such fruit, such flowers, such bread and butter and preserves, such tea, such milk, such 'sudden deaths' and grills, resulting from basket-loads of unhappy chickens that have been transferred from the bumboat with very trifling intermediate process to the caboose fire! I repeat, such a meal never was or can be surpassed in the world.

A very different personage from Abraham Brown is Chinatumby-Motosawing, who boards us as soon as we cast anchor in the Madras roads, and a very differently assorted cargo he brings with him to pander to the tastes of all hands. The high surf running on the Madras beach at all seasons of the year, makes the granting of shore-leave to seamen a matter of sometimes angry altercation between themselves and

the captain, so they are permitted to enjoy themselves as much as they can aboard.

No sooner has the skipper gone ashore, and the sails been carefully stowed, the ropes coiled up, the deck washed down, and awnings spread fore and aft, with a curtain between us and the sun, than over the side comes Mr Chinatumbly. After him make their appearance two grotesque-looking figures all but nude, with their dark skins plentifully besprinkled with flour and ashes, and many-coloured stripes drawn down the forehead, and converging at the nose, over which feature one broad dab of yellow extends. These are the snake-charmers. Up comes a juggler in a somewhat similar costume. Up comes the washing-man and ironing-man (for the laundry is exclusively conducted by men in India) in pretty nearly no costume at all. Up comes the dubash, like a tallow candle, swathed in muslin, and with a very bright wafer stuck between his eyes. In one hand he clutches firmly a huge old pocket-book, full of most laudatory testimonials, highly creditable to the bearer, except for the fact of their being invariably either forged or stolen. Up comes a seedy old individual in European costume, with a shocking bad hat, and no shoes or stockings; this is the Fiddle, and after him comes up the Fife, who is his exact counterpart. By and by, when the evening is cool, and every one in a merry humour, we are going to have a little dance upon deck. Lastly, up comes the lion of the bumboat, the Madras jeweller, who, in his sash and manifold pockets, carries about with him marvellous Trichinopoly chains and rubies, emeralds, cat's-eyes, bloodstones, amethysts, &c., set as rings and brooches of very elegant patterns, costly withal, and very beautiful to look upon, so long as the setting will hold together (which will not be many days after purchase), and prevent the glass from rolling out, and revealing the skilfully glazed paper, of divers colours and hues, which have been the cause of the gross imposition. The boatmen hand up the various baskets, and Jack is rather at a loss to account for the hissing that proceeds from some of the flattest of them. They contain the educated cobras, who dance to the music of the Charmer.

There is no end to this fellow's marvellous tricks. When he opens his baskets, and produces hideous music from his gourd-like flageolet, wagging his head from side to side to mark the time, the loathsomely-looking masses, coiled up in sand-baskets, begin to shew evident emotion, and slowly raising their hideous heads, expand their throats, and imitate the motions of the musicians, taking instant advantage of any pause to dart spitefully forward, and endeavour to fix their fangs upon the naked arms of the charmer; a proceeding which at first greatly alarms the ship's crew, who make a precipitate retreat from the poop, and only return after the urgent solicitations of the dubash, who acts interpreter, and then only when armed with a belaying-pin apiece. As this entertainment grows to a close, a careful observer may perceive a shadow of doubt cross the charmer's face, as he watches his opportunity to make a sudden grab at the snake's neck, which, having accomplished, he forces it into the basket, and puts the lid on *instantly*. So he serves the rest; and Jack thinks how delighted his old mother at home will be, when he casts anchor alongside of her some fine evening, and tells her that the charmers spoken of by David are yet extant in the east. The sun is setting when the Tomasha finishes for the day, and the boat-load returns to the shore, highly satisfied with its day's work. The dhoby, or washerman, carries with him huge bundles of clothes, which, if returned at all when in a purified state, will be sadly diminished in numbers, or misrepresented by worthless old rags, so got up and folded, as to look very clean and nice indeed. If the people in the boat are happy, Jack is in his glory, for they have kept the two Portuguese musicians on

board, and mean to retain them as long as they are in harbour.

The most indolent bumboatmen in the world are those at Alexandria, in Egypt. They dare not board a ship until she is at anchor, and has obtained pratique from the health-office, when the captain provides everything requisite from the shore. So they float lazily up and down amongst the shipping, ever and anon shouting out 'Ebryting,' which is supposed to mean their stock in trade, whereas they have really next to nothing to sell. Sometimes a few oranges or other fruit procures them a customer on board; but it is when a vessel is just on the eve of sailing that they make their grand haul. Then they come alongside with large wicker-cages full of beautiful pigeons, which are sure to be purchased as pets, as will also be the parrots, and the young rabbits and hares. Sometimes they bring off a monkey or two, which prove irresistible baits. Nothing Jack likes better than Jacko's company for a long voyage.

The Maltese bumboatmen principally confine their wares to kid-gloves, and fligree-work in silver and gold, besides a quantity of prettily-got-up charms. But the most audacious villains are those bumboatmen that cruise off Spain and about the gut of Gibraltar: if you won't purchase the bread and meat they have smuggled off at the risk of their own life and liberty, they do their best to give you a parting stick with a stiletto, or, when foiled in this, and made to drop astern, fire a parting shot at the first object that offers itself to their aim. On the whole, however, the bumboatman is a useful institution for us poor hard-worked and badly-fed sailors, who, after months of peril, exposure, and suffering, find in the contents of his cornucopia a panacea for all human ills.

TO A BIRD SINGING IN THE WOODS.

O Thrush! upon the beechen bough,
Shake thy glad wings, and sing.
All things around thy dwelling now
Bud freshly in the spring.

Through new-op'd leaves of brightest green
The fitting sunlights break,
The fern-leaves o'er the streamlets lean,
The star primroses wake.

And over all the sunshine flows,
And over all thy song,
Sole breaker of the woods' repose,
Floats as we pass along.

Thou hast no past, no future, bird!
Sing on in unchecked glee;
From me shall come no harsher word,
To mar thy minstrelsy.

Sing clear and shrill! 'tis good to list
Thy song of jubilee,
And in this weary world to wist
That some rejoice like thee;

Some who can dwell in simple trust
'Mid this day's leaves and flowers;
Nor taint their beauty with the dust
Of other bygone hours.

K. T.

The Editor of *Chambers's Journal* has to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.